

Temperance.

Address to a Jar of Rum.

Here, only by a cork control, And slender walls of earthen mould, In all the pomp of a dignified profession...

Life of Mr. Gough, the Temperance Orator.

Some few years back, in the early morn, staggering from a drunken debauch, might be seen a young man in the American town of Newburyport...

Let not young men, therefore, think of a profession, the "sine qua non" of human greatness, but let them cast about and see what they have fitted and have a taste for...

Hard Work is Science.—As a general thing, those who work the hardest are not the most successful farmers. The reason is obvious; they make no use of their brains...

FATTENING TURKEYS, &c.—Mr. Editor: Much has been published of late in our agricultural journals in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal...

COLD WATER AND PROSPERITY.—We had the pleasure of hearing James Buchanan, Esq., deliver an address before the Howard Society, on which occasion he related the following circumstance:

Several years ago, a gentleman dined with him, who had risen by his own industry and industry alone, from humble life to a proud position in society.

When young men are about completing their education, they very wisely ask themselves what they shall do.

When young men are about completing their education, they very wisely ask themselves what they shall do. A few, scanning the various pursuits, luckily hit on something in harmony with their tastes...

head of even an humble calling, than to follow in the rear of a dignified profession.

But if these young gentlemen will carefully look around, they will perhaps find other avenues to wealth and distinction besides the professions.

So away they go, talking of Robert Hall and Daniel Webster, between whom and themselves there is no more comparison than between the Alps and an anti-bill.

Let not young men, therefore, think of a profession, the "sine qua non" of human greatness, but let them cast about and see what they have fitted and have a taste for...

It was a trying hour to us; unless we could carry sail so as to go at the rate of nine knots an hour, we must necessarily dash upon Scilly; and who ever touched upon those rocks...

Onward plunged the over-laden frigate, and at first surge she seemed held upon the deep by the calm sea.

And now, while all was apprehension, another boat drew—and then another—until at last our whole party was placed upon a single boat less than the size of a rowing boat.

At length the light bore upon our quarter, and the bold Atlantic rolled its white caps before us.

At a quarter past nine, P. M., the ship headed west by compass, P. M., the ship "light ho" was heard from the foretop-sail yard.

"Where away?" asked the officer of the deck.

"Three points to the lee bow," replied the lookout man, which the unprofessional reader will understand to mean very nearly straight ahead.

At this moment the Captain appeared and took the trumpet.

"Call all hands," was his immediate order.

Clouds of smoke and his feet were destroyed in the days of Queen Ann, sang their song of death before, and the Dead Man's Ledger reigned in hoarse tones behind us.

The first thing that caught the eye of the Captain was the furious manner in which the crew were carried throughout the storm.

"Why is this mainmast up, when I ordered it set?" cried the Captain, in a tremendous voice.

"Find that he pitched her lines overboard, I say, under your general order, that the officer of the deck should carry sail according to his direction," replied the lieutenant in command.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command to the master's mate.

"The log was thrown.

"How fast do you go?"

"Five knots and a half sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it, sir," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack!" thundered the Captain; "keep her full and bye, quarter main."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"The tack was boarded."

"Haul aft the main sheet!" shouted the Captain; and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea!" cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir; she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm; keep her full and bye."

"Ay, ay, sir, full and bye she is," was the prompt reply from the helm.

hundred men hanging on a single small boat, but to weather Scilly, on the night of the 11th of May, 1835.

Sheep Hunting in Armenia.

"The wild sheep of Armenia," says Mr. Garrison in an article in the "Arctic," is a creature, and color like the doe of the following deer, only it has two short horns bending backwards, like those of a goat.

The strength and agility of this most gigantic creature are astonishing; they are more difficult of approach than the chamois of the Alps. I have usually seen them in pairs, but was never able to shoot a single one.

"Heave the log," was the prompt command to the master's mate.

"The log was thrown.

"How fast do you go?"

"Five knots and a half sir."

"Board the main tack, sir."

"She will not bear it, sir," said the officer of the deck.

"Board the main tack!" thundered the Captain; "keep her full and bye, quarter main."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"The tack was boarded."

"Haul aft the main sheet!" shouted the Captain; and aft it went like the spreading of a sea bird's wing, giving the huge sail to the gale.

"Give her the lee helm when she goes into the sea!" cried the Captain.

"Ay, ay, sir; she has it," growled out the old sea-dog at the binnacle.

"Right your helm; keep her full and bye."

token of his good wishes for the enterprise. The waters and the chambermaids were profuse in their attention to them, but were unamiable in refusing renunciation.

A SISTER'S VILE—If you a sister! then love and cherish her with all that pure and holy friendship which renders a brother so worthy and noble.

NAME THE PAGE.—My Lord I appear before you in the character of an advocate for the city of London.

THE COLONIAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY. CAPITAL, 1,000,000 Sterling.

60,000 Cures without Medicine!

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

60,000 Cures without Medicine!

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

DE BARRY'S FERRUGINOUS BEVERAGE. A REMEDY FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

Address to a Jar of Rum.

Life of Mr. Gough, the Temperance Orator.

Hard Work is Science.

FATTENING TURKEYS, &c.

Notes and News.

ONE DROP AT A TIME—Life!

THE CURE OF DR. PRIDDEY'S PREPARED FAMILY PILLS.

Reduced Prices for Cash.

THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA!

A Farm for Sale.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER, General Commission Merchants.

THE MODERN CRUSADE.

THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA!

A Farm for Sale.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER, General Commission Merchants.

THE MODERN CRUSADE.

THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA!

A Farm for Sale.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER, General Commission Merchants.

THE MODERN CRUSADE.

THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA!

A Farm for Sale.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER, General Commission Merchants.

THE MODERN CRUSADE.

THE PRESENT WAR WITH RUSSIA!

A Farm for Sale.

W. D. CUTLIP & BROTHER, General Commission Merchants.

THE MODERN CRUSADE.